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# Northern Messenger

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## How Japanese Babies are Welcomed.

(By Edith Hibbard, in 'Good Cheer.')

The birth of a baby in Japan is the cause of much rejoicing in the family. As soon as the new little brother or sister arrives, a special messenger is sent to notify relatives and friends, who are expected to pay an early visit to welcome the new-comer into the world. Probably the women in this picture have just arrived to welcome a new little nephew or niece, bringing with them, as is the custom in Japan, some present, which must always be accompanied by dried fish or eggs, for

good luck. The baby, if it be the first one in the family, receives many presents in the first few weeks of its life, which must all be acknowledged at the proper time by its parents. When it is a week old it receives its name, but to call a child after a person would not, as with us, be considered an honor. Names of beautiful objects in nature are commonly used for girls, such as Snow, Sunshine, Gold, while boys of the lower classes are often called Stone, Bear, or Tiger.

The important event in the baby's life is on the thirtieth day after its birth, when it is taken for its first visit to the temple. For this occasion great preparations are made ,and the baby is dressed in garments of finest silk or crepe, made specially for the festival. Accompanied by members of the family, it is carried to one of the Shinto temples, and there placed under the protection of the patron deity of the temple. Offerings are made to the God and to the priest, a blessing is obtained, and the god thus chosen is supposed to become the special guardian of the child through life. You know that in heathen Japan the people have not been taught to worship the one true God, and so these poor deluded people have a great number of what they call Shinto deities.

After the ceremony is over, there is usually an entertainment of some kind at the home of the parents, especially if the family be one of high rank. Friends are invited, and if there are any who have not yet given the baby a present, they usually give it at this time. A certain kind of rice, cooked with red beans, making a festival drink denoting good fortune, is one of the things prepared for this occasion.

After this festival a quiet life begins for the baby, as the babies in Japan are treated somewhat differently from those in this country. They are not rocked or trotted to sleep, and as their dress is very simple, little time is spent in dressing or undressing them. The Japanese baby's dress consists of a wide-sleeved, straight garment made of silk, cotton, or flannel, the number of these garments worn being determined by the season of the year. They are all after one pattern, being precisely the same as the dress worn by their sisters and mothers, which is called the kimono. The method of putting these dresses on the babies is rather peculiar. The little garments are fitted one inside of the other before they are put on; then they are laid down on the floor and the baby is laid into them; a soft belt, attached to the outside dress, is tied around the waist, and the baby is dressed without any crying or screaming. These little kimonos are made long enough to cover up the little bare feet, and the sleeves also cover the hands, which must be rather annoying to active babies who wish to use their little fists.

The baby's first lessons in walking are taken under favorable circumstances, as in Japan there is no furniture to fall against, and babies can tumble about as they like upon the soft matted floors of the dwelling-houses, their little feet shod in a soft mitten-like sock. After learning to walk in the house, baby's first attempt out of doors is hampered by a straw sandal, called a geta, attached to the foot by a strap passing between the toes; but the little things soon become accustomed to the new foot-covering, and babies of two or three years trot about quite comfortably in geta that seem to us to give them most insecure footing.

The sex even of a young baby may be known by the color of its clothing, for in Japan boys are dressed in sober colors, grays and browns, while the little girls wear the brightest and most gorgeous garments, which often correspond very fittingly with pretty names which are given to Japanese little girls.

## The Revival at Mitchell.

(By John R. Jones, in 'Standard.')

The Baptist church at Mitchell had once been prosperous, but removals and backsliding had depleted its membership. Then had come that most unfortunate of all disasters which a church can suffer. It had chosen a pastor who had proved a wolf in sheep's clothing. After that the church had been without a minister, and it seemed that nothing could renew its life.

At length word had come that a young man from the seminary would like to take the charge. The church lifted itself from its apathy sufficiently to promise him a meagre living, then lay down to die—unless he could arouse it.

The new pastor came, and his preaching was listened to with luke-warm approval. He went among the people, and became acquainted with their family and social life. Here was one family in which the young people had drifted into utter worldliness. One of the boys was fast being ruined. Another family was struggling with poverty. In another, a separation had taken place, and the husband had left. In nearly all the families discontent ruled. When the situation was understood, the young minister was ready for work.

One Sunday he spoke in a way which

aroused more interest than had his previous discussions of theological questions.

'While gain is not godliness,' he had said, 'I believe Christ came to improve our business life and our home life; to teach us how to live here on earth as well as to save us in heaven. Christ gives life; and that life ought not to stop with the four walls of the church, but to flow into our temporal life, to touch it with vigor, and to direct it aright. "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." The principles of life laid down in the Bible are those which lie at the foundation of all growth, even in the business world. Surely the Christian, who knows the very source of life, ought not to grumble or to envy the success of another.'

The sermon that Sunday pleased some, but antagonized others. At the prayer-meeting following, the same line of thought was introduced. One woman got up with an objection. 'It seems like you are telling us the Bible shows the way of worldly gain,' she said. '"Love not the world," says the good book. And, again, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." This is what I believe, and we've got to expect trials and persecutions here below.'

The young minister rose to explain. 'That is very true,' he said. 'But, one thing is sure: While your faith may be tried, it nevertheless will raise you as high as the heavens are above the earth above the fear of poverty. Some feel discontented. What I want you to do is to ask God for better things. He promises good gifts to them that ask him. The Christian life does not necessarily mean a life of poverty. It means trial without, but it also means joy and peace within. It means an ever-growing life. It means victory over trial. While we must be submissive to what God sends, yet we ought not to fear to ask him for what we need. He answers prayer.'

After the meeting, Mrs. Roberts, the woman whose husband had left her, came to the young minister.

'You know my circumstances,' she said in a trembling voice. 'Do you think that Christ means that my home could be made happy?' She usually wore a bitter look, but now it was softened by a ray of hope.

'Yes,' he said, and he spoke with emphasis, for he was thinking of the young woman who had promised herself to him; of how, in their attempt to understand the new relation into which they expected to enter, they had approached nearer to the Master of Life; of how his love had explained and purified and chastened their love. 'Yes, if there is one place above all others where the love of God may shine in its perfection, it is in the home.'

By the time the next prayer-meeting came around, a new interest was beginning to shine in the eyes of members of the little flock. For many new hopes were awakened. Mrs. Roberts, to the surprise of all, came with Mr. Roberts that evening. They took the hand-shaking in a common-place way, as if nothing unusual had happened. Neither of them said anything during the meeting. But the young minister saw beneath the surface, and his heart was glad.

The subject that evening was 'Work.' The minister said: 'I think too often in our Christian work we are attempting to convert people to ourselves, and are seeking glory for ourselves, rather than going to them in the spirit of love and helpfulness, leaving the praise for the Master.' Then he went on to tell of how some people he had known had been quietly brought to Christ, whilst the world and even the church had scarcely known about it. 'Let us seek the guidance of the Spirit,' he said, 'and pray for those near to us, whom we would like to see brought to Christ.'

This was the beginning. Soon the family of young people who had drifted to worldliness were interested, and the dance and card party were forgotten. The family in which poverty had reigned had taken a new interest in life, and were exhibiting an industry which was beginning to tell. One and another of the relatives and friends of the church members were brought in, and to-day the church is doing its work with joy in every heart. The young minister has had an increase of salary, and now his home is the centre of the social life of the young people.

It was not a revival which was widely spoken of. Many did not realize that there had been a revival at all. Thank God that sometimes he sends times of refreshing quiet growth. Without observation, the kingdom had come into many a heart in Mitchell.

## A New Method of Church Work.

Some time since the Methodist Tract Society asked Rev. Charles True Wilson, D.D., pastor of the church at North Pasadena, of the Southern California Conference, to write for them an account of his efforts to interest the little folks in tract distribution. The following is the account given, which I am glad to commend to the consideration of pastors everywhere, as opening the way to a new method of church work that should be both widely applicable and very effective:

'I have been asked to write my method of tract distribution. The old way was to scatter a thousand tracts with the hope that a dozen persons would read them. My method sends out a dozen or two tracts with the certainty that a thousand persons will read them. Another problem which pastors and other church workers must solve, is how to make the Junior League a success. The secret is found in enlisting the Christian children in the Lord's work.

'At the close of my junior meeting I give to each child worker a tract, with the understanding that one week from that hour the roll will be called, and each one will report the number of persons who have read the tract, and bring forward to the table the list of names and addresses of the readers. Some little prize or book or paper is given to a'; who secure a certain number of readers during the week. Usually I present a hymnal with notes to the one who secures the highest number. Our cheap edition of the hymnal only costs twenty-five cents, when purchased in quantities, and is greatly appreciated by the children who have thus won a copy.

'No one will refuse to read a tract from a little boy or girl. Sometimes the entire household gathers round to hear the sweet message read. Boys and girls who thus engage in the work learn their tract by heart from hearing it read so many times. In three churches, at Seaford, Del., at Sea Cliff, N.Y., and last winter at North Pasadena, Cal., revivals of far-reaching influence owed their inception to this work under my pastorate. It has been helpful in preparing for every revival with which God has blessed my charges. It enlists the active co-operation of all the children of the church. It reaches every class in the community. It is the quickest way I have found of making announcements, disseminating missionary, temperance, or doctrinal information, or of pointing out duties to non-churchgoers. For example, one week during the rainy season here, I selected that exquisite little tract by Miss Frances R. Havergal, published by our Book Concern, "Why I Go to Church on Rainy Sundays." The following Sabbath morning it rained. In other years there would have been no service on such a day. The morning congregation was not less than on the Sunday previous. The explanation came in the junior meeting in the afternoon, when the roll-call brought the names of more than twelve hundred people who had read the tract during the week.

'I here give a single Sabbath report. The tract was "How to Make Your Pastor Succeed," by Bishop Fowler. Fourteen children received copies of it. The roll-call brought out the following facts: A little girl brought forth the names of two hundred and two readers. Four boys had more than one hundred and twenty each. Six children had more than one hundred readers. Four secured more than seventy-five readers. Only one fell short of fifty. You will see that these fourteen little workers found in a single week about sixteen hundred interested raders of that wonderfully helpful tract. I believe that all but two of the fourteen children know the tract by heart.

'I originated this plan some years ago. Every worker I have told of it has commended it. As an effective means of tract manipulation I have not heard of its equal. I therefore commend it to all as a practical means of employing sweet childhood in the service of the Lord.'—'Christian Guardian.'

## Teachers That Boys 'Hate.'

A boy said, the other day, that he 'hated two kinds of teachers,'—the 'oh-dears' and 'my-dears.' A boy is nothing if not courageous, and he expects and admires that quality in others. He detests whining and worrying, weeping and weariness,—in a word, all the dreary variety of 'oh-dearing.' The teacher who frets at the weather, objects to the class-room, finds fault with the superintendent, and the secretary, and the ways of the librarian, not only sets a bad example, but earns dislike; for when did flies ever love vinegar, or boys dull faces? No. Set your face like a flint to look pleasant, no matter how hard it hurts you to do it. ''Peak like you do when you laugh,' begged a little sick child from her chamber, on hearing a neighbor's plaintive inquiries below stairs. It is good advice for everybody. Train your voice to notes of exultation. With a gospel of gladness, it is a shame to go about drooping at the mouth-corners. It is not strange that the patronizing and too demonstrative teacher should be another object of a boy's detestation. No healthy boy cares for coddling and petting, except at bedtime, possibly, and by his mother. Talk sense to a boy. He will respect it and you. A little fellow of four, who had just graduated out of kilts, and appeared at the door of the primary room in all the glories of rubber boots and many-buttoned 'ulster,' came home in high dungeon complaining that the teacher 'acted like he had on dresses,' and never noticed his new 'ulcer.' Teacher of junior and intermediate grades do well to remember carefully the sudden access of manliness that comes with a promotion from the kindergarten and primaries, and as far as possible refrain from treating these little men as if they 'had on dresses.'—'S. S. Times.'

## Evangelist's Biography.

**The 'Life of Charles G. Finney,' by A. M. Hills, has just been published in a neat paper-bound volume of 240 pages. This biography is most interesting for those who like evangelical reading. (Office of 'God's Revivalist,' Mount of Blessings, Ohio. Price 20 cents.)**

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Love and Roses

(By Alix, in 'Sabbath Reading.')

'I believe,' said Ethel Graham, one Sabbath afternoon, as she leaned wearily back in her chair, and the good book in which she had been seeking to interest herself fell into her lap, 'that what I miss most since papa lost his property, and we came to live in this dull old town, is my Sunday mission work. I am really longing for the sight of my class of warm-hearted, bright-faced children, who always welcomed me so eagerly, and I think Margery feels just as I do,' and she glanced, as she spoke, at her younger sister who was gazing listlessly out of the window.

'Indeed I do,' was the quick response, 'our lives here seem to be utterly useless.'

'They are very useful to me,' said their mother, gently.

'Yes,' answered Ethel, with a loving look, 'and so they ought to be, and it is no cross to us to perform household duties that were devolved upon our servants, as it is right that we should do so. But,' and her eyes filled with tears, 'I suppose no Christians, old and young, can ever feel fully satisfied unless they are doing some work for the souls of others.'

"THEIR TIMID KNOCK WAS RESPONDED TO BY THE MANAGER."

'Are there no unsaved souls in this neighborhood?' asked her mother.

'Now, dear, you know what we mean,' replied Margery. 'We offered our services as teachers in the Sabbath-school that all the children for a mile around attend, and they were respectfully declined, because we did not belong to that particular branch of Christ's Church, so we have not had the courage to make another attempt.'

'If you really wish to work,' said their grandmother, raising her quiet old face from the Bible, over which she had been bending, 'why do you not try the Almshouse? I do not think anyone will dispute that field with you.'

'The Almshouse!' cried both sisters in a breath. 'Dear grandma, what could we do there? In the old days when we had money at command, we could, indeed, have carried joy and comfort to its hopeless inhabitants, but what have we to give them now?'

'Love,' answered the dear old lady, 'and,' as she glanced through the windows into the garden overflowing with bloom, 'and roses.'

'Yes,' added their mother, 'and music. If you take up this work, your sweet, fresh young voices may sing Christ's message of invitation into many a burdened heart.'

'Children,' said their grandmother, tenderly, 'I suppose there is no harder lot in the world than that of an unloved, uncared for, disappointed, desolate old man or woman, and it may be that God has withheld other work from you so that you may have the precious privilege of ministering to hopeless hearts, hardened by neglect, and the ingratitude of those who should have smoothed their hard path to the grave.'

'Dear grandma,' replied Ethel, as she bent over to kiss the furrowed brow, 'I believe God put the thought into your heart, and he will, I am sure, teach us how to carry it out.'

And therefore it was that the next Sabbath afternoon, the two young girls, fairly laden down with their burden of fresh fragrant roses, started for their half-mile walk to the Almshouse.

It was a large commodious building, standing upon a broad flat plateau, unshaded by a single tree, unornamented by a flowering shrub. Their timid knock at the door was responded to by the manager, who, when they explained their errand to him, answered indifferently that 'they could come in if they chose and they would find most of the inmates in the large central hall, as it was about an hour before their usual supper-time.'

He seemed to think that the young girls had come for purposes of espionage, and assured them that 'most of those there were far better off than they had ever been in their lives before. But they were an ungrateful lot,' he said, 'and did not appreciate their privileges,' and then, somewhat ungraciously, he ushered the sisters into the central hall. Never before had they gazed upon such a collection of stony, dejected faces. The eyes turned toward them were without curiosity, with the apathetic expression, or rather lack of expression, of those dead to all human interests.

With bright smiles and kindly words the young girls passed from one to another distributing their fragrant bouquets. A little child (incongruous sight in that assembly) held out its hands and cried, 'Pretty, pretty!' as the bright tints met its eyes, and as Ethel put the flowers in its hands, she stooped and kissed it. As she did so, the woman that held it burst into tears, but as the young girl whispered a tender message she pushed her from her.

'Don't talk religion to me,' she cried. 'I was good once like you. This child is my only religion now.'

She sprang to her feet as she spoke and tried to escape through the door, but the manager sent her back and she sat down sullenly.

An idiotic looking old woman glanced up from the low form upon which she was sitting. 'I smell posies,' she said. 'Pretty ladies give some to me,' and as they showered the fragrant blossoms into her lap, she laughed vacantly, and began gibbering and talking to them as though they were living things.

From one to another the young girls passed, distributing their flowers. Some received them with eager joy, some held them indifferently; others scattered the bright petals upon the floor and stamped upon them as though their brightness mocked their sullen despair.

When they were all distributed, Margery asked the manager if they might sing, and when he gruffly assented, they raised softly the beautiful hymn:

'Jesus, lover of my soul.'

As their voices rang through the hall there was a wild shriek from an old blind woman in the rear. 'That is my Lizzie's voice,' she cried, 'I knew she would come to me again out of Heaven—oh, Lizzie, Lizzie!'

The manager took her roughly by the shoulder to lead her from the room, but Ethel sprang towards her, and putting her strong young arm around her waist, whispered such loving, tender words into her

ear that her wild excitement quieted down into a soft sobbing.

Hymn after hymn was sung, and a strange calm crept over the grotesque assembly. When, at last, the little service was over, and they moved toward the door, grimy hands were stretched forth eagerly to grasp theirs, and husky voices cried out: 'Come again, ladies. Come again, ladies! Please come again!'

'I wish you would come again,' said the manager. 'Your singing has had a wonderful effect upon these poor critters. Sometimes they act like wild beasts and have to be treated as such.'

When the young girls returned home they went at once to their room. They were overwrought by the scene they had been through, and their mother found them crying in each other's arms.

'Please do not ask us to come down to tea to-night,' they pleaded; 'we could not eat a morsel. We will get used to it after awhile, I suppose, but oh, mother, it was awful!'

When upon the next Sabbath afternoon the young girls knocked for admittance at the Almshouse door, a very different reception awaited them. The manager's hard face softened into a smile, and he held out a horny hand of welcome. 'They are all waiting for you in there,' he said, 'and half a hundred times to-day I have been asked whether you were coming again.'

As he ushered them into the large hall, a low murmur of pleasure greeted their entrance. Ethel's eyes passed from face to face until they rested upon that of the girl Catherine, who, with a gloomy look of defiance, sat pressing her child to her bosom. Without speaking to her Ethel placed in the baby's hands a prettily dressed doll, and at the child's cry of delight a strange, tender gleam shot into the sullen eyes for a moment, and then the mother turned with a muttered curse.

'Sing, pretty ladies, sing,' croaked out a hoarse voice from the end of the room, and then there came a parrot-like repetition from its different corners, 'Sing, pretty ladies, sing.'

'First,' said Margery, gently, 'we will ask God to bless our little service of song, and carry his messages to the hearts that need them,' and then she offered a prayer so tender and loving that when she arose from her knees many were softly sobbing, but the woman Catherine laughed mockingly, and the manager shook her roughly by the arm.

'This is a bad 'un,' he said, apologetically. 'She ought to have that child took from her.'

The woman glared at him with the savage look of a wild animal, but dared make no reply, and then the sweet voices of the sisters rang through the room as they sang:

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

When the hymns were ended and the flowers distributed, the young girls took their leave. As they passed through the door a half-witted man raised the hem of Ethel's white dress and kissed it.

'Angels have been here this afternoon,' he said.

Week after week the sisters were faithful to the work they had undertaken, and many a basket of ripe fruit and home-made cake supplemented the flowers.

One Saturday afternoon, in the early part of September, the manager's waggon stopped at the door of the girls' home.

'Catherine's baby died last night,' he said, 'and she is like a mad woman. Could you come over to-morrow morning? Perhaps you could be of some use to her?'

'Certainly,' they answered: 'we will come at once if you will let us.'

'No,' he said, 'it will be better to wait until to-morrow. She will listen to nothing to-day. God bless you, ladies,' he added; 'you have done a good work among my poor people.'

The next day when he ushered them into Catherine's room, they found her lying in a deep sleep upon her bed.

'Poor thing, she is worn out with watching and excitement,' he said. 'Let her sleep.'

In a rude little coffin near her lay the dead child, exquisite in its waxen beauty. With careful loving hands the sisters covered the tiny form with the pure white roses they had brought, and draped smilax around the coffin, until all its harsh outlines were covered and it looked like a soft green nest. Hearing a little movement in the room, they turned and saw that Catherine had raised herself from the bed, and was watching them with an unfathomable expression in her eyes.

Rising, she came quietly toward them, and looked long and earnestly at the poor little face.

'You have been good to me, ladies,' she said quietly, 'and I thank you. I did not deserve it either,' she added, 'for I have always treated you hatefully.'

Suddenly a wild look came into her eyes. 'God will not keep her out of Heaven because I was wicked, will he?' she moaned. 'She could not help it. She never did any wrong.'

'Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,"' said Ethel, softly.

'Yes,' added Margery, 'and we are taught that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of the Father.'

'In Heaven—in Heaven,' cried the poor mother, despairingly. 'Yes, she is in Heaven, and I shall never see her again. The manager has often told me that I was not fit to have the care of her, and God knew that I was not, and so he has taken her out of my reach forever—forever!'

'No, not forever,' murmured Ethel. 'He has separated you from her for a little while, but some time you may meet her again, where sorrow and sin can never enter.'

'I meet her?' cried the woman hoarsely. 'No, no! There is no place for such sinners as I am up in heaven.'

'Heaven is full of forgiven sinners,' replied Marjory.

'Forgiven sinners,' she cried, piteously. 'could I be a forgiven sinner?'

Then tenderly and lovingly the sisters explained to the poor stricken woman the meaning of Christ's death and resurrection, and as she listened to the Gospel message, for the first time understanding it, a wonderful light came into her eyes. 'Then there is hope for me!' she cried, 'Then there is hope! Oh, dear, dear ladies, pray for me, pray for me that I may be forgiven.'

And as they knelt there, by the side of the dead babe, the prayer of those trusting hearts received its answer, and a soul was born into the Kingdom of God.

After the simple funeral was over the manager called the young girls aside. 'What I am to do with Catherine I do not know,' he said, 'she was very sick when she came here, but her health has improved, and we have only kept her on account of the child. Now there is no further reason that she should be supported at public expense. But where she will go I do not know.'

'Has she no relatives?' they asked.

'None—or at least none that would receive her.'

'The girls consulted together. 'Do you think mother would consent?' said Margery.

'I am sure she would,' replied Ethel. 'There is a great deal of work that she could relieve us of, if she would come for small wages,' Ethel said to the manager, 'If the family are willing, we will gladly give her a home.'

And thus it was that Catherine found herself, for the first time, a member of a Christian household, and repaid for years, by faithful service, the debt of gratitude she felt for those whose faithful ministry had brought her to the feet of her Lord.

Why should I lengthen out this story. As the time went by, many other precious jewels were won for the Master through the faithful efforts of the young girls who had undertaken their service in his name, and for his sake.

Are there not others who will follow in their footsteps, and carry the light of love into the dark places of the earth?

Perhaps none need it more than the country almshouses, in which are gathered, not criminals, but those unfortunates who have fallen stricken in the battle of life, and from whose hearts all hope has fled, and whose faith lies dead, slain by the cruel circumstances of life.—'Advocate and Guardian.'

## An Amateur Dressmaker

(By Jennie E. Bigelow, in 'American Agriculturist.')

'Good-bye, Tom,' said Debby.

Tom lay on his bed, which was pushed up to the open, screened window. He turned his dull, heavy eyes up to his sister. 'Good-bye,' he said, in a spiritless way.

Her face softened with pity. With sudden determination she drew from her pocket a small coin, and going over to him, laid it in his hand. 'For the box!' she whispered. A quick light darted over his face. It was worth having no breakfast but Tom's left-over toast crusts, just for the happiness of seeing that one short expression of joy and hope.

Debby locked the door and hid the key in the corner of the window back of the blind. If any of the neighbors should happen to come to see Tom, he could tell them where to find it. As she passed out of the yard, she looked back at the tiny rear tenement she had left. Tom's new wire screen looked very well, indeed. And it was so much clearer to look out through than the former mosquito netting. She felt quite sure she had not been extravagant to buy it.

It was a warm, pleasant autumn morning, and when she had reached, unlocked and entered Miss Lewis's little dressmaking shop, she opened the front window the first thing. Then she sat down before it and began putting the braid on Mrs. Stickney's new skirt. The owner was to come for her suit at 10 o'clock. As Debby stitched, she glanced out occasionally, at a passing footstep or vehicle in the street. Suddenly a

carriage drew up at the door and stopped. A stylish young woman jumped out, carrying a bundle, and the driver stayed in the carriage and waited. 'It isn't Mrs. Stickney,' reflected Debby, relieved.

She ushered in the young woman. 'Miss Lewis is not at home,' she said. 'She was called home two days ago by her mother's sickness.'

'Oh,' exclaimed the visitor, 'I am so disappointed!' She set her bundle down on the big work table, which contained several partly finished articles, and looked gravely and helplessly at Debby. 'Are you her assistant?' she asked.

Debby's face flushed. 'I can hardly say that,' she said, modestly. 'I used to do Miss Lewis's housework, by the day. She saw I was interested in her work, and kindly helped me. I have begun to sew for her all the time now, but I am only an apprentice yet, and do practically nothing without her help.'

The visitor still watched Debby in deep thought, and her eyes took in every detail of Debby's figure and dress, not rudely, but with a studious, professional air. 'Miss Lewis,' she said, 'would never have taken pains with you unless you had been worth her trouble. She is a real artist, and could have a large establishment, but she prefers few customers and a small place—. I suppose you made the dress you have on?' she suddenly added.

Debby shrank back with a mildly protesting air. I just made this cheap work dress to suit my own self.' she said apologetically.

'I belive you could suit me, too,' said the visitor, now gently beseeching. 'You are a true pupil of Miss Lewis. Will you make mine?'

'I could not; indeed, I could not!'

'Would you, if I took every risk? The other dressmakers I know of would not please me—for this dress; and if you do not, I shall be no worse off for your doing it. Please—please, try it!' She rapidly unrolled the beautiful dress pattern of tan-colored silk, with exquisite lace and insertion for the yoke folded in tissue paper. Debby's face grew pale at the imagination of herself cutting into the costly fabric.

'I am Helen Eastman,' went on the pleading, anxious voice, 'and I am to sing at the Union church at the dedication service. I am to stand beside the choir, who sing the chorus parts with me,—but outside the railing, in full view. And if I have on a simply made but well-fitting dress, I feel more at ease and can sing better. And that is why I want you to just try—and I will take the risk. Besides,' she hesitated, then added blushingly, 'some friends are coming—' Suddenly she put her hands on Debby's shoulders. 'Please—please try,' she said, pleadingly.

Tom, watching for his sister out of his new screen that night, saw her coming into the yard with a large bundle in her arms and a troubled expression on her face. The brother had taken a great interest in Debby's work, the details of which she always explained to him. So he listened with almost breathless interest while she told him all about her intercourse with Helen Eastman and her own inability to refuse her request.

'I ought to have been firm,' said Debby, despairingly, 'and not undertaken it. But it's too late to honorably refuse now. Yet it seems to me as if I could never dare to cut into that dress! I almost wish you had not so nicely fixed over that old sewing machine that Miss Lewis gave me. If I did not have that, there would have been nothing else to do but refuse, for Miss Lewis left all the work I could attend to during the day.'

Tom's eyes flashed with excitement.

'Debby,' he said, emphatically, 'it would be a great thing if you could make that dress.'

After supper the kitchen table was moved up close to the bed, the light placed on it, and for awhile the invalid forgot his twisted, useless legs as, with bated breath, he watched his sister cut into the tan silk. Helen came twice to the dressmaking rooms to 'try on' but she proved quite incapable of helping out in small details. When the dress was finished and then put on and sung in at home, she could tell if she would wear it at church.

'But never mind,' she said kindly to Debby, 'you are doing your best for me, and I am grateful. If I do not wear it on this particular occasion, there are other times when I can wear it. I have another dress that will do very well for Sunday in case I do not feel quite at ease in this one.'

On Saturday evening Helen sent a messenger for the dress. When Debby gave him the bundle, he handed her an envelope, and was going immediately away. 'Please wait a minute,' she said, as she tore open the envelope. It simply contained money, more than Miss Lewis was accustomed to receive for making a dress. 'Wait for the change,' she added.

'Miss Eastman said,' replied the man, decidedly but courteously, 'that she sent the proper amount, and I was to receive nothing back.' Then he went away, carefully handling the daintily done-up bundle. Debby pinned the bills together, with a memo explaining them, and put them into Miss Lewis's money drawer.

When morning came Tom seemed uneasy. 'I should think,' he finally exclaimed, 'that you might go to the church, and see if she wears it!'

'Let us take it for granted that she does not, Tom,' said Debby.

'I don't want to take things for granted!' said Tom, with spirit. 'I want to find out for sure!'

She prepared herself, with a sinking heart, to go to the church. The work dress and work jacket were carefully brushed, the ribbon on the brown felt hat smoothed out, and Debby, at the ringing of the bell, went out into the beautiful autumn morning.

The church was filled with fragrance of flowers, but Debby did not raise her eyes to look at them. The organ sounded a triumphant prelude. The simple yet eloquent prayer followed. Debby had not yet glanced up, and now she put her hands over her eyes. It was not till Helen sang her first solo that she had sufficient control over herself to look up for the first time, quite prepared for the realization of her worst fears.

She looked immediately down again, her eyes filled with tears of glad, sweet relief.

Her vision was blurred to all things visible. But that perhaps made more vivid the inward vision of Tom's triumphant, glad expression, when she would have told him that Helen wore the new dress. The audience seemed to listen breathlessly to the grand old hymn, sung to them in a voice of unusual feeling. Debby felt a shy, glad consciousness that she had helped the singer's mission, as the flowers and attractive church did the preacher's.

As she was gliding across the common homeward, she felt a touch on her arm, and looked up, startled. Helen was looking down on her with a happy smile; by her side stood a pleasant-faced young man, 'Charley,' said Helen, 'this is the young lady who made, all alone, the new dress you think so tasteful and pretty.'

Debby shrank back embarrassed, feeling that Helen had thoughtlessly forced the young man to notice her, when he might rather not. But nothing could be more cordial and hearty than the brotherly handclasp and pleasant smile. When Debby had left them, it suddenly occurred to her that this young man was the 'some friends' Helen had spoken about, and she smiled. As she entered the yard, Tom, eagerly watching, saw her arms full of chrysanthemums. She nodded a smiling assent to his mute question, and brought the flowers in, and laid them on his bed.

'Did you mean,' he said, 'that she wore the dress?'

'Yes, she wore it.' He drew a long breath of satisfaction.

'When I passed by Miss Lewis's,' she went on, 'I saw that she had returned. She sent the flowers to you, and gave me my pay envelope. Her mother is better.' She put the flowers in a pitcher on his window sill, then prepared dinner, which on Sunday they ate together in Tom's room. Debby told Tom about the church and flowers, the sermon and music, and about meeting Helen. The flowers on the window-sill gave out a look of encouragement.

When the simple meal was ended, Debby opened her pay envelope. A certain sum had been laid out, in imagination, for Tom's box,—a little more than could be well spared; but she wished to make the amount as large as possible, on account of Tom's help about the dress. Suddenly a low exclamation escaped her lips. Tom looked up at her, and was alarmed at her frightened expression. She was reading a short note from Miss Lewis.

'What is it?' he asked. 'Don't she want you to work for her any more? Well, never mind,' consolingly. 'We'll get along. The money in the box will last quite a while, till you get another place.'

She seemed unable to speak and passed the note to him. He read these words: 'Dear Debby, I return herewith the money for Miss Eastman's dress. You evidently made it nights at your own home. Besides, I am very sure Miss Eastman meant the money for you alone. Wishing you a happy day, I am, your sincere friend, Jane Lewis.'

Debby had by this time got out the yet pinned-together roll of bills. She went quietly over to the bed and folded it in Tom's hands. 'You don't need the box any more,' she said gently. 'Here is more than enough for the wheeled chair.'

Tom turned his head quietly toward the wall, and did not speak. Debby loked surprised and hurt that he did not show any pleasure.

Suddenly, as she continued to glance wonderingly at him, she saw more distinctly his face. Then she turned quickly away, pretending she had not noticed.

## Expiring Subscriptions.

**Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is August, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.**

## Barbara's Boarder.

(By Hattie Lummis, in 'American Messenger.')

Barbara shook her head. 'I'm sorry, Lou, but I can't promise. In fact, I never have a chance to do Christian work any more.'

The other girl, who sat leaning comfortably back in an armchair, her jacket unfastened at the throat, and her gloves smoothed over her knee, looked up with an air of surprise at this statement, and Barbara went on, rather hurriedly, 'I don't exactly mean that, either, for I suppose all work is Christ's work if it's done in the right spirit. But my sphere has narrowed decidedly, and when I say I make a pleasant home for father, I've said it all.'

'I'm sure you do that beautifully,' observed Lou, casting an admiring glance about the immaculate rooms.

Barbara blushed with pleasure. She was too young a housekeeper not to take great satisfaction in all such compliments.

'Yes, I flatter myself that for a green hand I've done pretty well. You see, my ambition is to keep everything looking as nice as it did when mamma was alive, and we could afford three servants instead of one. And I never go out in the evening, because that's the only time of the day father is at home, and I want to make it pleasant for him. I dare say the girls mentally compare me to "the hen with one chicken" when I refuse to help in one scheme after another, but the simple truth is that I find it impossible to be away from home for any length of time. I'll bake a cake whenever you get up a supper, or I'll do sewing for your poor people, but my usefulness must manifest itself within these four walls.'

Brightly and bravely as she had spoken, when Barbara watched her friend hurrying away in search of another helper for the enterprise she had at heart, a sensation of forlornness came over her. She hated to feel herself deprived of a share in the active usefulness of the girls who were her friends. In comparison with their good deeds, all that she could accomplish seemed insignificant indeed. I make the beds, and dust, and cook the things that father likes—and that's all,' she said to herself, and then she hastily wiped away the starting tears with the tips of her fingers, for Mrs. Griffeth was coming in at the front door, as usual without the formality of knocking.

Barbara rather enjoyed the occasions when Mrs. Griffeth brought over her mending, and sat with her for an hour or two. She was a middle-aged woman, plain and angular, and outspoken to a degree which it might be supposed would have won her many enemies, but which was usually accepted as being 'only Mrs. Griffeth's way.' She knew all that was worth knowing in the family history of the townspeople, but never repeated anything except for some good reason of her own.

'I must say, Barbara,' observed Mrs. Griffeth, as she attacked a large hole in a much-darned black sock—'I must say, I wish you were minded to take a boarder.'

'A boarder!' repeated Barbara, and she laughed a little. 'Perhaps some time we might be driven to it, if we get very, very poor, but I'm glad to say we're not reduced to such straits yet.'

'The case I had in mind wouldn't be particularly profitable, anyhow,' returned Mrs. Griffeth. 'It's Grandma Mason. Do you know her?'

'I think I remember her—a sweet-faced old lady with snowy white hair.' Barbara spoke carelessly, not being specially interested in the subject.

'She's Joel Mason's mother,' continued Mrs. Griffeth, who seemed unusually inclined to discuss her neighbors. 'Joel married a widow with four children, and the house has always been pretty crowded. Noisy, too. There ain't nothing bad about the children, 'cept there's a perfect hubbub from morning to night. I don't know how the old lady stands it.'

'No, it must be hard,' assented Barbara, absently.

'Well, the latest development,' continued Mrs. Griffeth, casting a sharp glance at the girl's preoccupied face, 'is that some relations of Joel's wife are coming on from the West to stay a month or two, and there ain't no room for 'em, and so grandma's got to find some place to stay. They's willing to pay two dollars and a quarter a week for her board. Mrs. Sampson would be glad to take her, but the Sampson house is dreadful cluttery, and the children do beat everything in the way of noise.'

'After all,' suggested Barbara, 'one can't expect a great deal for two dollars and a quarter a week.'

'No,' admitted Mrs. Griffeth, reluctantly. 'It wouldn't be worth much from a money standpoint, but money isn't everything, and I can't help feeling that this is a bit of the Lord's work.'

Barbara did not reply, being, to tell the truth, slightly tired of the subject. It was not till Mrs. Griffeth had emptied her mending bag and departed that a sudden, startling thought flashed into her mind: 'The Lord's work!' And an hour before she was regretting that there was so little of this in which she could lend a hand. She had told her friend that she was ready to do what she could within her own home. With a feeling something like awe, she wondered if this was God's way of taking her at her word.

When she broached the subject to her father, he showed his surprise plainly. 'Why, I haven't any objection, my dear, except on your own account. But it seems to me the burdens on these small shoulders are quite heavy enough now.'

It took considerable reasoning to convince him to the contrary, and by the time his doubts were removed, Barbara had forgotten how absurd Mrs. Griffeth's proposition had seemed when first she listened to it. She hardly realized that she was making a sacrifice, but if that thought had been uppermost in her mind she would have felt quite repaid at the sight of Grandma Mason's joyful relief when she understood that she need not look forward to a couple of months in Mrs. Sampson's 'cluttery' house, in the companionship of Mrs. Sampson's large and noisy family.

In Grandma Mason's seventy-eight years of experience she had never known a home like that to which she came a week later. Discomfort had been her lot for so large a part of her life that she had come to accept it as unquestioningly as the alternation of day into night. But when Barbara showed her into the sunshiny, spotless room which was to be hers for eight weeks at least, the rare tears of patient old age dimmed the kind eyes behind the spectacles. All this comfort and beauty and quiet hers. It was hard to believe.

'Your boarder certainly isn't obtrusive,' Mr. Harrison said, laughingly, to his daughter when the experiment was a week old. 'She flits about the house like a little gray shadow. And yet,' he added, thoughtfully, 'somehow she impresses me as being perfectly happy.'

'I think she does enjoy herself,' Barbara answered, with a smile. But neither she nor her father was qualified to realize Grandma Mason's measureless content. For years it had been her daily endeavor not to be a burden on Joel's sharp-tongued wife, and not to win the ill will of the children, bound to her by no tie of blood to make them tender of her increasing feebleness. But now the need for struggling was over. No one frowned or complained if she was five minutes late to breakfast. No one broke off a conversation abruptly if she came into the room, as though her presence was of necessity a check and interruption. Joel came to see her frequently, and in his brief calls showed more tenderness and consideration than he had ever thought of exhibiting when his mother was under his own roof. For the first time in her life Grandma Mason was living in an atmosphere of courtesy and thoughtful kindness, and her cup of happiness was full.

Even after Joel's guests from the West had completed their visit, Grandma Mason remained at the Harrison home as Barbara's boarder. Mrs. Joel found the extra room a great convenience, and, as she patronizingly remarked to more than one acquaintance, she 'presumed, likely, since the Harrisons had lost so much of their property, they thought a good deal of having grandma's board money paid in regular.' But though the remark was duly repeated to Barbara, she only compressed her lips tightly and crushed down her pride, content to know that she was doing the Master's work.

One morning, when they went to call Grandma Mason, they found her lying very still with a strange but peaceful expression upon her face that seemed like the reflection from some unseen radiance. Barbara's boarder had passed to her reward.

'I don't know but it'll kind of comfort you,' said Mrs. Griffeth to Barbara, who felt her old friend's loss with a keenness which surprised herself, 'to know what grandma told me just two days before she went away. She said that ever since she came to live with you she had understood those words in the Bible about "entering into rest." I thought you'd like to know.'

Barbara smiled through her tears. Surely she could never again feel that she was cut off from doing Christ's especial work if it was granted her to bring a little of heaven's rest into a life which had been so empty of peace and happiness.

[For the 'Messenger.'

## The Mushroom.

'O come to the meadow where the mushrooms grow,
The juicy, fruity mushroom,
The pinky, amber mushroom.
I'm hungry for the mushroom,
O come, let us go!

'Oh, white is the meadow where the mushrooms grow,
The spicy, toothsome mushroom,
The deeply plaited mushroom,
The dew is on the mushrooms,
Come, gather them, ho!

'We'll gather the mushrooms that spring up in the night,
The dewy, white-skinned mushrooms,
The sweet, delicious mushrooms,
We'll cook the longed-for mushrooms,
And eat them in a trice.'

Alice A. Ferguson.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

## Aunt Matilda's Off-Days

(By Susan Teall Perry, in 'The Standard.')

'It's one of your Aunt Matilda's off-days, Phemie. Don't mind her, child,' said Uncle Jacob, who was cutting corn in the field.

The stalks of corn were two or three feet higher than the little girl's head, as she stood with a small tin pail full of cold water from the spring.

'You came just in the nick of time. I was so thirsty I thought I'd have to leave my work and go for water.'

Uncle Jacob had what Phemie called 'a lovelight look' on his face when he put the pail to his lips and drank of the clear, cold water.

Phemie had been crying, and Uncle Jacob knew it as soon as he looked at her face.

'You see, Phemie, that Aunt Matilda's crab apples did not jelly as stiff as she wanted them to yesterday, and she had to boil all that stuff over again. That's what's upset her. It's a big job to pour all that jelly out of the glasses, and boil it over twice, all those glasses to wash and dry.'

'I washed the glasses, uncle, and dried them. I didn't mind—only—only—I wish Aunt Matilda was always pleasant, as she is sometimes. I love her so much when she speaks in her kind way. She's so very kind when she is kind.'

'Folks will have their off-days, Phemie, the best of them.'

'But you don't have any off-days, Uncle Jacob.'

'Maybe things do not go criss-cross with me as they do with most of folks, child.'

'Well, your cows broke into the oat lot, you know, and the bay colt was lost for a week, and then the army worms came, and such a lot of potato bugs, and just such sort of doings as those make off-days, don't they? But you never talked cross, or looked cross about these troubles, Uncle Jacob.'

'Maybe the Lord gives me a large measure of grace, Phemie. We can't keep our tempers without his grace, child. And, besides, if I had been upset and made off-days for myself, what good would it have done? Your aunt does well by you; she gives you plenty to eat, and she makes you as nice clothes to wear as any of the other girls have.'

'Oh, yes, Uncle Jacob, I know it, but——.'

Uncle Jacob took the little girl in his strong arms, and hugged her close to his loving heart, and then gave her about a dozen kisses on both cheeks.

Phemie was the only child of his dead sister. Her father died before her mother did, and Uncle Jacob went out to the far West and brought the little orphan girl home to live with him. He knew it was love that Phemie wanted that morning, as she stood with such a lonely look on her face among the tall cornstalks. Love is the greatest thing in the world for us all.

There had never been any children in the house where Uncle Jacob and Aunt Matilda lived, until Phemie came there. They had lived twenty years without a child in the family, and Aunt Matilda had very prim ways of keeping house, because there had never been any little busy hands to put anything out of place. And Aunt Matilda did her own work, and not being strong, she got very tired often, and Phemie had heard her tell how she seemed to have her nerves all on the outside of her body. She spoke kindly at times to Phemie, but there were a great many off-days in Aunt Matilda's life, and the little girl tried to be very patient and do everything she could in the way that would please her aunt. Aunt Matilda had even been so kind as to buy Phemie a large doll, and she had made pretty clothes for her, and it was the little girl's great comfort.

She went back to the house, leaving the little tin pail of water in the corn-field with Uncle Jacob. It was her work, and of course the pleasantest kind of work, that of carrying a pail of fresh water to Uncle Jacob, when he was working far away from the well. It saved him from walking back and forth and losing his time from his work, and then Uncle Jacob was always so loving and kind when she brought him the water.

When Phemie went into the kitchen there was a pan of potatoes on the table to pare and some sweet corn to husk for dinner. She sat down by the big table and began to pare the potatoes. Aunt Matilda was straining her jelly and putting it into the glasses; she had a troubled look on her face, and when Phemie asked how many potatoes she should pare, she spoke up in a sharp way and said, 'I should think you'd pared the potatoes long enough here to know without asking.' So the little girl put what she thought would be the right number in the kettle.

'Such a bothering time as I've had with the jelly,' Aunt Matilda spoke out, 'it's enough to try the temper of a saint. I never had such a job of it before in my whole life.'

Somehow Phemie thought Aunt Matilda meant that she was to blame for it in some way, because it was the first time she had ever been there at the jelly making.

Uncle Jacob came in, but he did not say much. Phemie had noticed that he never did when Aunt Matilda had off-days.

After the dinner work was done up, Phemie went to her little bedroom, over the kitchen, and got her doll. She had named the doll Sarah, after her mother.

'Sarah,' she said, 'we will go out together and sit down under the lilac bushes by the parlor window. You've been shut up here all day. I was busy with the work, or I should have taken you down before. Aunt Matilda is in awful trouble about her jelly.'

It was a sunshiny place under the lilac bushes; the lilac blossoms had gone long before, but there were some yellow artichokes in blossom, and at the right hand side Aunt Matilda's gay bed of phlox made the place very bright.

'I'm very lonely, Sarah,' spoke Phemie, in a low tone of voice, 'so very lonely to-day. It's one of Aunt Matilda's off-days, Uncle Jacob says, and I mustn't mind it. I tried to do everything I could to please her, because off-days, I suppose, is some kind of sickness, and folks can't help sickness. I'm glad Uncle Jacob don't have that kind of a disease, though; if he had it, too, I couldn't bear it here, Sarah, I know I couldn't. It don't seem to be a catching disease, and I'm glad of it. I wouldn't like to get it. Aunt Matilda seems so unhappy when they come, those off-days. But we'll do the best we can, Sarah, for this is the only home we have on earth now. You know Aunt Matilda made us both such nice clothes to wear, and gives me enough to eat, but you don't have to eat, Sarah.'

Then Phemie hugged Sarah close to her heart as she buried her face in the doll's flaxen hair, and said, 'Oh, what a comfort you are to me! I love you just as much as Uncle Jacob loves me; he never has off-days.'

While Phemie was talking to her doll, Aunt Matilda was putting her jelly away in the china closet near the window. The blinds were closed, but the window was open and as she stood by the closet shelf she heard what Phemie said.

Aunt Matilda was really kind of heart, but she was one of those persons who unfortunately keep their best feelings in reserve. It had not occurred to her that she had off-days; she knew when upsetting things came she felt much irritated. It was true, she acknowledged to herself, that the upsetting things overcame her, instead of her overcoming them. She sat down in the large easy chair by the fireplace. Living so quietly she had not given out love as she ought to have done; she had lived too much within herself. She began to realize Phemie's loneliness, her sweet obedience and patient work in her new home. It is love the child wants, love that shows itself, and Aunt Matilda quickly went out of the parlor and opened the back kitchen door, and called, 'Phemie, Phemie, dear! Where are you?'

Phemie jumped up in surprise. 'Phemie, dear!' She had never called her in that way before, and she spoke the 'Phemie, dear,' in such a kind, loving tone.

The little girl came as quickly as she could, but before she stepped across the threshold of the door, Aunt Matilda caught Phemie in her arms, kissed her, and smiled in such a loving way. Aunt Matilda never had any more off-days. Phemie wondered if she had taken some medicine that had cured her.

When Phemie was riding on the wood sled up the mountain side, one cold winter's day, with Uncle Jacob, she said, 'Aunt Matilda is just as good to me as—as you are, now, Uncle Jacob, and I really think she loves me, and oh, I am so very very happy!'

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Lord Salisbury's Career—'The Times,' London.
South African Administration—'The Mail,' London.
Sir Michael Hicks-Beach—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Robert Owen Memorial—'Daily News,' London.
From Clerk to High Commissioner—'Daily News,' London.
A French study of Queen Victoria—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in the 'Daily News,' London.
P. T. Barnum, Showman and Humorist—By Joel Benton, in 'The Century Magazine,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Fall of the Campanile of St. Mark's—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Cartoons and Caricatures—By C. L. H., in the 'Academy and Literature,' London.
The Exportation of Rare Books to America—'The Pilot,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Heat—By Archibald Lampman.
Scythe Song—Poem, by Andrew Lang.
Summer Rain—Poem, from the French of Albert Fleury, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Separation—Poem, by S. C. S., in the 'Westminster Budget.'
The Poetaster in Martinique—'Academy and Literature,' London.
Ruskin at the English Lakes—By the Rev. Canon H. D. Rawnsley, in 'St. George,' the journal of the English Ruskin societies. Part II.
The First Word o' Flyting—By Andrew Lang, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
Why Do Men Write Books?—New York 'Evening Post.'
'Contentio Veritatis'—Essays in Constructive Theology—By six Oxford Tutors, Reviewed by Thomas Banks Strong, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
The 'Inner Light' To-day—By Arthur Wallaston Hutton, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.
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# LITTLE FOLKS

## Joe, my Amazulu Boy.

### An African Incident.

(By Horace Seymour Keller, in the 'Congregationalist.')

When I first met this little coffee-colored chap of ten in his father's military kraal, I was afraid I would never be able to win his confidence; he was so shy, so wary of the approach of strangers, especially white ones. These strange children of Darkest Africa are so imbued with the fetich lore practiced in the jungles of their home that they are not quick to open arms and hearts and permit strangers to come in close contact with them. But once win their confidence, and you have a friend in time of peace, as well as a bold, brave defender in time of trouble.

Joe was not to be won by gay beads, gaudy ribbons and trinkets of that sort; not even a little hand mirror had any attractions for him. He only rolled his hazel eyes and grinned, showing his pearl-white teeth, and laid the mirror down; then he picked up a bunch of assagais, sprang to his feet and hurled them one after another with such swiftness that the last one left his hand ere the first ceased, quivering in the target at the other side of the kraal.

'What's the boy mean?' I asked of the father, a wise man and chief I had before met in Durban and at whose invitation I was present.

'He big warrior some day. No time for pretty things. Boy's grandfather, Chaka, much big man, great king. Boy proud; big blood in boy,' puffed the old fellow between breaths, as he rolled from foot to foot to relieve the ponderous weight. He was a giant in stature and as large in proportion in every direction, but of a kindly disposition and fairly versed in the English language.

'Ah! Then you are the son of Chaka, the famous Amazulu chieftain?'

'No. Boy get that from mother.'

'Which mother?' I asked, glancing over the bevy of women. But the old fellow only shrugged his shoulders and laughed, as he turned to pet the little fellow at his side.

'You are very kind, Ompho, to ask me to visit your kraal. I have enjoyed my visit more than I can tell, but as you have plenty of other boys, why not let me have this one for a few years?'

The women seemed partly to understand my words, for they began to chatter and bob their heads to and fro. The boy, if he understood or not, only stood there with his eyes fastened upon my face. The father turned quickly toward me and said:

'You ask the best I got. I give you elephant, trained leopard, two—four, ten strong men to cut path before you, to carry you over mountains, keep lions away and kill robbers. But Jo—Jo'—

'I go!' And the little fellow stepped away from his father's side and stood by me with folded arms and flashing eyes.

Then the women began to wail and bob their heads more rapidly than before. A strange whir-whir came from a small crowd of men. I glanced toward them. They were softly rattling the bunch of assagais each held. The old man lifted his hand, palm open, and the menacing sound ceased.

'Boy has said. He go with you. He never forget Chaka. Can't. In blood.'

He covered his face and rolled away, and I never was able to get sight of the old chief again. He had parted with the best he owned. When Joe went with me the little fellow never seemed to show any signs of sorrow, only, when we began our journey, he turned as we reached the outskirts of the queer village of kraals, looked back once, only once, and then joined me.

Joe was quick to learn, kind of heart and as true as steel. Upon more than one occasion his native cleverness warded off danger from the attacks of wild beasts of the jungle. He was wonderful in trekking, and the great depths of the African forests seemed to him like open books.

My mission in Africa was a pleasant and fascinating one. I was making a collection of moths, butterflies, and beetles, gathering them as I went and sending them from various points to Natal. To Joe this was more play than work, and many of the finest specimens I owe to his keen eyes and quick fingers. The boy was with me eight years, and when he left it was like parting from my own son.

We were seated one night with our moth flames at the edge of a forest with eyes fastened upon the smeared screens. He leaped to the

Little Margaret's Ponies.
Hitch a
Here we go!
Up in the air
Like a Birdie, O.
Trot, trot, to Boston
To buy a loaf of bread
Trot, trot back again
Old Trot's dead.
Hippity, Hoppity, Little Horse
But Mamma says "No" to home we
Hippity, Hoppity, Hike o!
To-canter, To-canter to Newbury
To buy little Margaret a Plum
But when we get there, the fox doesn't
And so we come cantering home
Lullaby! Lullaby!
gentle and slow.
Into Night's quiet
We go, we go.
Ride away gently on mother's breast.
Away, away to the land of rest
Bring her back, pig-a-back
Big pig Pa:
Bring her back, pig-a-back
To dear Mamma.

screen and plucked away from the sticky affair a bright scarlet prisoner and brought it to me.

'Good boy, Joe! That's the chap I've been looking after.'

'Sh! stranger come,' said he in a whisper. lifting his gun.

The sound of approaching footsteps fell upon my ears. Next a form came out of the darkness. It was a Zulu runner slim and agile. His eyes were black as night and great bands of black were painted around his coffee colored form. Across his breast was traced also in black, a cross. In his hand he carried a black assagai tipped with white feathers. He approached Joe and held out the assagai. The boy started as it touched his hand. He bent his head for an instant, and when he lifted it again it was no longer the face of my Joe. He was no longer a boy. The face was that of a man.

'The Big Chief is gone,' fell from his lips. 'I am no more your boy. I am the chief now.'

'But we are at least hundreds of miles from your village.'

'He has found me. I must go.'

'When, Joe?'

'Now. Good-by.'

He laid his hand in mine. I put my arm about him and held him for a moment to me—and then he went away, he and the runner, who had travelled all these miles to find the new chief. As I was situated but a few miles from a Boer town, I was not badly placed.

Afterwards I learned that my Amazulu boy, Joe, was a power for good among his tribe, for I had taught him the story of Christ while he and I were alone in the African jungles hunting moths.

## Dorothy's Surprise.

Little Dorothy had a fine hen, which papa had given her and told her that she might call her own. Dorothy was very proud of it, and called it 'Spot.'

One day, when Dorothy had had Spot for about a year, papa came into the house and called: 'Dorothy, come with me, and I'll show you something you've never seen before.'

It did not take Dorothy long to put on her hat, and soon she was running after papa to see what he wanted to show her.

'There!' cried papa, as they came near the barn.

Dorothy looked There were three dear little chicks, and near them was Spot, looking as proud as could be over her little brood.

'Aren't they funny!' exclaimed Dorothy. 'Why, I never saw such fluffy things before.'

'They are only three days old,' said papa. 'They are yours, because they are Spot's little chicks.'

'Oh! thank you, papa,' cried Dorothy. 'You are good. Can I feed them now?'

'Yes, as soon as you have got some corn out of the barn,' answered papa.

So off Dorothy ran for some corn, and soon the three little chickens were fed to their hearts' content.—'Our Little Dots.'

## Nellie's Prayer.

Nellie, who had just recovered from a serious illness, said:

'Mamma, I prayed last night.'

'Did you, dear? Don't you always pray?'

'Oh, yes; but I prayed a real prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before. I lay awake a long time. I thought what a naughty girl I had often been. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done—there seemed to be lots of them. And I tried to remember what I did in one week, but there seemed to be such a heap; then I knew I had not remembered them all. And I thought what if Jesus had come to me when I was ill? Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for bad people and he delights to forgive them. So I got out of bed and kneeled down and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was, and I asked him to think over the sins I could not remember. Then I waited to give him time to think of them, and when I thought he had remembered them all I asked him to forgive them. And I am sure he did, mamma, because he said he would. Then I felt so happy, and I got into bed and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more.'

'Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered.' (Rom. iv.: 7.)—'Northern Advocate.'

## A Parable.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer, lighted it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair.

'Where are you going?' asked the taper.

'Away high up,' said the man, 'higher than the top of the house where we sleep.'

'And what are you going to do?' said the taper.

'I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is,' said the man. 'For we stand here at the entrance of the harbor, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking for our light even now.'

'Alas! no ship could see my light.' said the little taper; 'it is too small.'

'If your light is small,' said the man, 'keep it burning bright and leave the rest to me.'

Well, when the man got to the top of the lighthouse, he took the little taper, and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready with their polished reflectors behind them.

You who think your little light of so small account can you not see what God may do with it? Shine—and leave the rest to him.

## Seven Days.

Seven days within the week,
Seven days to do and speak
All the deeds and words of love
For our Father up above.

Sunday is the day of rest,
And of all the week the best;
'Tis the day, with one accord,
When we praise and serve our Lord

Monday starts the working days,
Finds us full of busy ways;
Lessons or our work begun,
Till another week is done.

Tuesday comes, and on we press
With the work that God will bless;
Wednesday finds us with a will
Working for our Father still.

Thursday—half the week is done,
Four good working days are gone
Friday, though we weary be,
Father, still our best for Thee.

Welcome next to Saturday,
Little work and lots of play;
Work or play oh! let it be
Done, dear Lord, as unto Thee!

Seven days to try to do
What is good and what is true;
Seven days to do our best,
Leaving unto God the rest!
—Constance M. Lowe, in 'Our Little Dots.'


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LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 24.

## Report of the Spies.

Numbers xiii., 1-3, 13, 25-14:4. Commit to memory verses 30-33. Read Num., chs. 13, 14.

## Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 18.—Num. xiii., 1-3, 17-25.
Tuesday, Aug. 19.—Num. xiii., 26-33.
Wednesday, Aug. 20.—xiv., 1-12.
Thursday, Aug. 21.—xiv., 13-25.
Friday, Aug. 22.—Num. xiv., 26-39.
Saturday, Aug. 23.—Num. xxxii., 6-15.
Sunday, Aug. 24.—Psa. xxxxvi.

## Golden Text.

'Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust.'—Ps. xxxx., 4.

## Lesson Text.

(26) And they went and came to Moses, and to Aaron, and to all the congregation of the children of Israel, unto the wilderness of Paran, to Kadesh; and brought back word unto them, and unto all the congregation, and showed them the fruit of the land. (27) And they told him, and said, We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it. (28) Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled, and very great; and moreover we saw the children of Anak there. (29) The Amalekites dwell in the land of the south; and the Hittites, and the Jebusites, and the Amorites, dwell in the mountains; and the Canaanites dwell by the sea, and by the coast of Jordan. (30) And Caleb stilled the people before Moses, and said, Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it. (31) But the men that went up with him said, We be not able to go up against the people; for they are stronger than we. (32) And they brought up an evil report of the land which they had searched unto the children of Israel, saying, The land, through which we have gone to search it, is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof; and all the people that we saw in it are men of a great stature. (33) And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which came of the giants: and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight. (1) And all the congregation lifted up their voice and cried; and the people wept that night. (2) And all the children of Israel murmured against Moses and against Aaron; and the whole congregation said unto them, Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt or would God we had died in this wilderness! (3) And wherefore hath the Lord brought us unto this land, to fall by the sword, that our wives and our children should be a prey? were it not better for us to return into Egypt? (4) And they said one to another, Let us make a captain, and let us return into Egypt.

## Suggestions.

We have here a short account of the survey which the spies made of the promised land. They went quite through it, from Zin, in the south, to Rehob, in the north, v., 21. See ch. xxxiv., 3-8. It is probable they did not go all together, in a body, lest they should have been suspected and taken up, which there would be more danger of, if the Canaanites knew, (and one would think they could not but know), how near the Israelites were to them; but they divided themselves into several companies, and so passed, unsuspected, as way-faring men. They took particular notice of Hebron, (v., 22), probably, because near there was the field of Machpelah, where the patriarchs were buried. (Gen. xxiii., 2), whose dead bodies did, as it were, keep possesion of that land for their posterity. To this sepulchre they made a particular visit, and found the adjoining city in the possession of the sons of Anak, who are here named. In that place where they expected the greatest encouragements they met with the greatest discouragements. Where the bodies of their ancestors kept possession for them, the giants kept possession against them. We are informed that they ascended by the south and came to Hebron, that 'Caleb,' say the Jews, 'in particular,' for to his being there, we find express reference. Josh. xiv., 9, 12, 13. But that others of the spies were there, too, appears by their description of the Aanakim, v., 33. They brought a bunch of grapes with them, and some other of the fruits of the land, as a proof of the extraordinary goodness of the country. Probably, they furnished themselves with these fruits when they were leaving the country and returning. The cluster of grapes was so large, and so heavy, that they hung it on a bar, and carried it between two of them, v., 23, 24, the place whence they took it was, from this circumstance, called the valley of the cluster, that famous cluster, which was to Israel both the earnest and the specimen of all the fruits of Canaan. It was the greatest folly in the world to wish themselves in Egypt. Had they so soon forgotten the sore bondage they were in there? After all the plagues which Egypt had suffered for their sakes, could they expect any better treatment than they had before, and not rather much worse. In how little time (not a year and a half) have they forgotten all the sigh of their bondage and all the songs of their deliverance! Like brute beasts, they mind only that which is present, and their memories, with the other powers of reason, are sacrificed to their passions. (Abridged from Matthew Henry.)

## Junior C. E. Topic.

TRUE COURTESY.

Mon., Aug 18.—Paul's courtesy. Acts xxvi., 2, 3.
Tues., Aug. 19.—Abraham's courtesy. Gen. xviii., 1-5.
Wed., Aug. 20.—The courtesy of Job's friends. Job. ii., 13.
Thu., Aug. 21.—Mary's courtesy. John xi., 2.
Fri., Aug. 22.—The Shunammite's courtesy. 2 Kings iv., 8-10.
Sat., Aug. 23.—Christ's courtesy. John viii., 6-8.
Sun., Aug. 24.—Topic—True courtesy. Ps. cxxxiii., 1-3.

## C. E. Topic.

Sun, Aug. 24.—Topic—Freedom for service. 2 Tim. ii., 4; Gal. v., 1; Heb. xii., 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Acts xiii., 47.—I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles.

Is there not some sweet act of love
That we may do in His dear name,
Who left so much of brightest bliss above,
And to this cold world came?

Are there not hearts that we may cheer,
And frowns to turn away?
May we not speak a gentle word
To some sad heart each day?

Are any little feet too proud
To walk where Christ has trod?
Are any hands too soft and white
To do the will of God?

I'd rather be the faintest star,
And shine in His great crown,
Than have earth's richest treasuries,
With all its vain renown.
—Anon.

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## Liquid Bread.

I remember once seeing over the door of a public-house in Liverpool, 'Good ale is liquid bread.' I went into the house, and said, 'Give me a quart of liquid bread.'

The landlord said, 'Ah! first-rate sign, isn't it?'

'Yes,' said I, 'if it's true.'

'Oh, it's true enough; my beer is all right.'

'Well, give me a bottle to take home.' He gave me a bottle of this liquid bread. I took it to an analytical chemist, and said to him, 'I want you to tell me how much bread there is in this bottle.'

He smelled it and said, 'It's beer.'

'No, no,' said I 'it's liquid bread.'

'Well,' he said, 'if you will come in a week's time I'll tell you all about it.'

In a week's time I went to learn all about the liquid bread. The first thing about it was that ninety-three percent of it was water.

'It's liquid,anyhow,' I said; 'we'll pass that. Now let us go on to the bread.'

'Alcohol, five percent.'

'What's alcohol?' I said.

'There's the dictionary, you can hunt it up for yourself.'

I hunted it up, and found alcohol described as a 'powerful narcotic poison.' 'Well,' I thought, 'this is the queerest description of bread I ever read in my life.' Then he gave me a number of small percentages of curious things, which he had carefully put down on each corner of a piece of white paper, and which amounted to about a quarter of a thimbleful of dirty looking powder. That was the bread—two percent.

'And there would not be so much as that,' said the chemist, 'if it were pure beer. This is bad beer.'

'So the better the beer the less bread there is in it.'

'Certainly. It is the business of the brewer to get bread out of it, not to put bread into it.'

This is the simple scientific truth with regard to beer, and the case is stranger with regard to wine and spirits. There is practically no nourishment in them.—'Good Health.'

## The Lighted Match.

Twice during the last week I have turned aside to put out lighted matches thrown on the footpath by careless smokers. Is it too much to ask men to blow a match out when done with? Can some city regulation not be drawn up to heavily fine thoughtless individuals who will not think of the serious consequences of their indiscretion? We have all heard of ladies being burnt to death, and others being severely injured by their dresses catching fire through the stupid carelessness of men throwing away lighted matches. Smoking is on the increase, and the danger that I refer to is one that is real and imminent, and will be responsible for much mischief if not put down with a firm hand. In summer the danger is magnified. It is not long since a curious illustration occurred in the streets of London showing that this careless habit may rebut on the principal actor himself.; A gentleman was riding in a hansom cab. He lighted his cigar with a wax vesta, and in throwing it away the burning little taper inadvertently deposited on the horse's back. The result can easily be imagined. The tortured animal bolted, knocked down a foot passenger, dashed the hero of the thrilling episode about the cab, and gave him an ugly wound before the horse was pulled up. It is to be hoped this gentleman learnt a lesson as regards lighted matches, and it would be well if the devotees of the fragrant weed would take the matter to heart. A few sufferers at their own hands would have a salutary effect. It is no possible trouble to blow a match out after it has been used, and it is astonishing that so many people fling it away burning, not bothering in the least where it may fall. —'Spectator.'

# Correspondence

South Whycocomagh, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I never saw a letter from South Whycocomagh in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one. I live on a farm in a very pretty place on the beautiful Bay of Whycocomagh. We are taking the 'Messenger' since four years, and I like the stories very much. My father has two horses, nine head of cattle and about thirty sheep. I have a cat named Fluffy, and a dog named Watch; he is good to drive the cattle and horses. I go to school; the school is half a mile from me. I have five brothers and one sister, they are all older than me, and my eldest brother is in Klondyke. My birthday is on November 10. I am a member of the C. M. A. A. J. McD.

Central Grove, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' My grandma and I take the 'Messenger' together; we think it is a nice paper. I thought the story called 'Keeping my word' was lovely. I live in the centre of Long Island. It is quite pretty here in the summer. I am in the eighth grade. My favorite study is History of Canada; I think it is interesting. I am very fond of reading, and have read a number of books, some of which I will mention:—'Those Unlucky Twins,' 'Aunt Dinah,' 'Carl's Home,' 'Chryssie,' 'Horace and May,' 'Little Women,' 'Holidays among the Mountains,' 'From Post to Pillar,' 'The Old Academy,' and a good many others. I have one sister and one brother, my sister's name is Eunice, and my brother's name is Laurence. I have one pet, a kitten, her name is Daisy. I would like to correspond with Winifred Bowen (if she would write first), as she said she would like a girl correspondent of her own age, thirteen. I am thirteen. My address is:—

MISS GEORGIE TIBERT,
Central Grove,
Long Island,
Digby Co., N.S.

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time for me to write to the 'Messenger.' I am writing to you now to tell you how I spent the 24th of May. We got up very early in the morning and walked about a mile, then we got in a fishing boat and went about four miles to a place that is called Point Grey. We landed there about ten o'clock; we had cake and ice-cream and sandwiches. There was quite a party of us, so you see we had lots of fun; we got home about ten in the evening; we would have been home earlier only we were stuck on a sandbar for about two hours; for all that we enjoyed ourselves exceedingly. We go out to Sea Island quite often. There are bridges going on it, and one across to Lulu Island. It is quite difficult getting on Sea Island now, because the bridges are all torn down and they are building a new one. When we go on the island we cross the Fraser river on a ferry. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and all the children are so disappointed if it is delayed. M. C.

Eburne, B.C.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm and keep cows and colts and some pigs. I have not seen many letters from Eburne and I am going to write you one. We have quite a summer resort. There are some fish in the river. For pets I have a little dog named Strathcona, a little pig and a calf and a colt. My. mamma goes to Vancouver sometimes and takes me.

S. M. Y.

Rectory Hill.

Dear Editor,—This is the second year I have taken the 'Messenger.' We all like it so well that we could not do without it. My grandmother, who is still living with us, is ninety-two years old, and is quite smart yet. She and grandfather were two of the first settlers of this country. They came from Ireland and settled here when the country was all woods. We have a post-office quite near us, and also an Episcopal church. We like our minister very well. His name is Mr. Dickson. I have two sisters who are married, one has three children, the other has two. This is a beautiful country. We live about a mile from the river. I got three books at Sunday-school. One was for learning eight Psalms, another for Catechism, the other for punctuality. Their names are 'A Divided House,' 'Sketches by Boz,' 'Essays by Eli.' Also one at school called 'Nicholas Nickleby.' I have read quite a number of books through the winter. My favorite authors are Agusta Evans Wilson and Charles Dickens. There are not many girls around here, so sometimes I find it rather lonesome. I think my letter is long enough, and hope it will not reach the waste-paper basket. I hope the readers of the 'Messenger' will find my letter interesting. My age is 13. I would like Gladys M. to correspond with me if she sees my letter. Would she please write first. My address is:—

MARY L. LEITH,
Rectory Hill, P.Q.

Bothwell, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' I enjoy reading the correspondence very much. I go to school every day and study grammar, geography, history, writing, arithmetic and fourth reader. My teacher's name is Miss Clark, and I like her very well. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on July 12. I like reading very much, and I have read a good many books; some of them are 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'May Coverly,' 'The Inebriates' Hut,' 'Two Keys,' and a few others which I will not mention. I would like to correspond with Carrie MacM., if she would please write first and send me her address. My address is:—

OLIVE E. STEWART,
Bothwell Post-office,
Lot 47, P.E.I.

The Oaks,
Roskeen, Man.

Dear Editor,—This has been a lovely spring, hasn't it? One morning my papa said the air smelt like candies, it was so sweet and refreshing. I love the pretty flowers. There is a hill back of our place and in the summer it is nearly covered over with honey-suckle. I have read quite a lot of books, such as 'Lena Rivers,' 'Mable Vaughan,' 'In His Steps,' 'Little Women,' 'Good Wives,' 'Nobody Loves Me,' 'Little Dot,' or 'Whiter Than Snow,' and two of the Pansy books, and lots of others. Now as the summer is coming I will have lots of work to do. My mother is not strong, and my only sister is away teaching. I have washing, churning, scrubbing, baking and nearly all the housecleaning. I am thirteen years old.

BERTHA McC.

Stardale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school nearly every day. I am in the third reader. My teacher's name is Mr. Lorne Proudfoot. My studies are reading, spelling, writing, geography, arithmetic, grammar, composition, memorizing literature. My favorite studies are geography, spelling, drawing, grammar, memorizing. I have not seen any letters from around here, so I thought I would write one. I have two sisters and five brothers. My oldest sister is married. I have an old cat called Minnie and a nice little white kitten; its name is Snowball. My father is a farmer, and we have a large stock. We have two dogs, their names are Toby and Bessy. I was ten years old May 23. We keep the post-office and like it. We had a picnic last summer; it was in a bush near our house. It was made by the school children. The teacher gave prizes for running, and my youngest brother and my sister each got a nice prize. We have had a lot of thunder storms lately. LORNA I. M. B.

Cranberry, Que.

Dear Editor,—I wrote once before, and as I saw it printed, I thought I would write again. I have for pets one dog named Major and one cat, and four dolls and one hen. We have four horses. We call one mare Nell and the other Fly, and the others are colts. We have seventeen hens. I live one mile from school. In winter papa drives us. I have three brothers and one sister. My brothers' names are Raymond, Ernest and Silas. My name is Reita, and my sister's name is Vera. Our church is three miles from here. It is a very pretty place where we live. There is a pond right below our place, and there are nice trout in it. One of my aunts died last November. I have just got one grandma living. My two grandpas are dead and one grandma. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on November 11. I think the 'Messenger' is a nice paper. We take three others, but we like the 'Messenger' the best.

REITA D.

Random Island, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I am sending the subscription for your paper for another year. The story 'Keeping my word,' is lovely. I had read it before, but I do not mind reading a good story twice. I am a member of the Maple Leaf Club, but as we do not get our mails regularly, I have not competed. My two sisters and brother went to St. John's, and saw the Duke and Duchess, but I was not allowed that privilege. I was very sorry, but was comforted with the promise that if the King visited the colonies and came to Newfoundland I should go to see him. I think the letters are very interesting, especially those about the Duke and Duchess and those about the readers' ancestors. I think Mrs. M. E. Cole promised us a story about the Duchess and a little Canadian girl. I haven't seen it yet. MAY C.

Brownsville.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We have twenty cows and five horses and a lot of pigs. I have fourteen chickens of my own. I have not been to school for a long time, because I have had the measles, but I am over with them now. The teachers had to close school because they got them. I am in the second book. I will be ten years old my next birthday, which is on June 22. I have gone to Sunday-school every Sunday, but last Sunday this year. I had the measles then, so I could not go. My eldest sister and I are going to take music lessons next week. I like to read the correspondence page best. I have four sisters and no brothers. Papa wishes one of us was a boy, but I don't, for I don't like boys, for they always want to be boss.

A. L. W.


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# HOUSEHOLD.

## Don't Make the Wrinkles Deeper.

('Michigan Advocate.')

Is father's eyesight growing dim,
His form a little lower?
Is mother's hair a little gray,
Her step a little slower?
Is life's hill growing hard to climb?
Make not their pathway steeper;
Smooth out the furrows on their brows,
Oh, do not make them deeper.

In doubtful pathways do not go,
Be tempted not to wander;
Grieve not the hearts that love you so,
But make their love grow fonder.
Much have thy parents borne for thee,
Be now their tender keeper;
And let them lean upon thy love,
Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

Be lavish with thy loving deeds,
Be patient, true and tender;
And make the path that ageward leads,
Aglow with earthly splendor.
Some day thy dear ones, stricken low,
Must yield to death, the reaper;
And you will then be glad to know
You made no wrinkles deeper.

## Home Lessons.

(By Mary Wood-Allen, M.D., in 'Congregationalist,' Boston.)

Why is it that foreigners coming to our land become anarchists? May it not be because the rebellion against old-world despotism, woven into the fabric of being through generations of oppression, finds in our very home life a spirit of lawlessness which these strangers misinterpret as liberty? American children are criticised the whole world over as ungoverned and ungovernable. Is it any wonder that the ignorant foreigner imagines this license to be the freedom for which in his old world home he longed?

If we are to have law-abiding citizens in the state we must have law-abiding children in the home. The nation is an aggregation of households, and if households are not well-governed we cannot reasonably expect their members graciously to accept the governing of the nation.

The habit of cheerful and prompt obedience should be formed in the home and in the earliest period of existence. We sometimes see parents smiling at the perversity and wilfulness of a two-year-old child, forgetting that it is but the beginning of anarchy. It may be funny to see a baby slap his mother in a fit of infantile rage, but it is no longer laughable when, as a grown man, in a fit of temper he knocks her down or takes her life. We need not wonder if the child who strikes and throws things when he cannot have his way develops into the man who thinks to win his way by fists or pistols. The mother who says laughingly that she cannot govern her six-year-old son may be obliged with tears to see him at sixteen under the control of the state for lawlessness.

In a home of culture I saw this little scene. A boy of five was going out to play. The air was cold and raw and the mother wanted him to put on an overcoat. The child refused. 'But, my dear,' said the mother, gently, 'you must put it on. You will take cold.' 'I won't put on that old coat, I tell you.' 'O, please do.' 'I won't.' 'Just to please me.' 'No.' The father now came to the front. 'My son, you must put on that coat.' 'Well, I won't, and you might as well make up your minds to that.' The mother took hold of the child, he pulled to get away, and not succeeding struck at her and bit her hand. The father attempted to get hold of him, but he broke away and ran with a tantalizing laugh, 'You didn't come it, did you?' The father turned to me smilingly, saying: 'Well, when he makes up his mind you may as well give in first as last.' The mother shook her finger after the boy, and that ended the matter. But did it end it? Who can foretell the end? Who can see what may result from such home training?

This is not an isolated case. We have but to keep our eyes open to see similar instances on every hand. In public and in private, children are lawless. On shipboard, at church socials, at picnics, the children literally run over everybody, and often without an effort at control by their elders.

Boys and girls come and go at their own will. People whose business brings them into towns on late trains see children of all ages playing around the stations and the streets. At election times I have heard the voices of boys not more than six years old on the streets all night long. Frequenters of theatres see groups of lads and small boys waiting at the doors as they pass out at midnight. In one Western town, after a public open-air gathering, the police found girls as well as boys playing in the park at three o'clock in the morning.

Had these children parents? Yes, and not all of them as ignorant or degraded as one might imagine. Some of them were indifferent, some thoughtless, some only indulgent, some powerless to control. But, whatever the reason, the result is the same—children and youths growing up without wholesome supervision and control, becoming acquainted with all forms of vice and acquiring vicious habits, and all tending to the creation of an undesirable type of national character. It will be difficult for these lawless children to mature into law-abiding adults. The child who grows up with the habit of running from the 'cops' will not find it hard to fall into a course of life that necessitates continual avoiding of the representatives of law and order.

## Selected Recipes.

Angel Cream.—Put in double boiler one pint of new milk, saving out enough to rub smooth three heaping teaspoonfuls of corn starch. Add to hot milk one-half cupful of sugar. Take it from the fire and add ten drops of almond extract and whipped whites of three eggs. Mould and pour over, when serving, a rich boiled custard made of one and one-half cupfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yolks of three eggs. Flavor the custard with vanilla.

Treacle Pudding.—Chop six ounces of suet, add to it half a pound of flour, one teacupful of treacle, and one well-beaten egg. Mix all together, tie into a scalded and floured cloth, and boil for three hours.

Cup Pudding.—This is a useful pudding for an invalid or a little child. Take half a teacupful of bread soaked in milk, beat it up well with a fork, and add a well-beaten egg. Pour into a buttered cup, and boil for twenty minutes. Serve with a little sifted sugar over.

Sunday Pudding.—Put three-quarters of a pound of flour into a basin, add to it half a pound of finely-sifted suet, six ounces of sultanas, six ounces of raisins (stoned), and a piece of candied peel chopped. Mix the pudding with two well-beaten eggs and as much milk as is necessary; boil six hours. This pudding should be made the day before it is required, so as to give it a sufficiently long boiling.


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